

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

At the Sign of Ye Inne

THE origin of inn signs have an interest equalled only by that of the histories of many of the English inns which bear them.

They date from the time when people were unable to read or write and when a symbol attracted the eye and conveyed a legend to the wayfarer. In Saxon times in England it is believed that such symbols took the form of actual objects—weapons being put up to attract the eyes of warriors in garrison centres, while symbols of agriculture and trade were similarly displayed to bring the landsman and the craftsman or artificer to the inn. Thus "The Plough" and "The Fortune of War" displayed the trophies of the callings they chose to favour, and passed on the legends which were later to be translated into the carved and painted signs of following generations.

The Middle Ages saw the adoption of heraldic devices, such as crests, shields and coats of arms, as well as legendary signs denoting the proximity of Royal residences and hunting forests, or the seats of noblemen.

"The Red Lion," "The King's Head," "The Duke's Head," and "The White Hart," are descendants of these times, while "The Saracen's Head" or "The Turk's Head" have definite roots of origin in the times of the Crusades.

Gradually the painter, the carver, the blacksmith, and the stonemason, took over the creation of inn signs, and many signs ultimately came to have a traditional interpretation as time passed.

and so to THE BELL

FIRST opened in 1446, "The Bell," in a side road at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, justifiably has claim to being the craziest building in the country.



Although the foundations show no sign of crumbling, the walls are sloping to such an extent that it is impossible to open some of the windows. The floors and ceilings are equally slanting, and the majority of the doorposts are twisted and contorted. Tradition says that "The Bell" numbered among its guests, beside respectable visitors on flying machines, the famous highwayman, Jerry Abershaw, who roamed from Putney to Guildford, and the debonair Claud Duval, who would quaff a stoup of ale before going to his nefarious work on Hounslow Heath.

The inn still maintains its atmosphere of a highwayman's haunt, in spite of the substitution of motor coaches for stage coaches, and even though the ale comes now from shiny-capped bottles instead of from the wood.

The name of "inebriate's nightmare" is quite understandable, as the inn does actually lean on itself. One of the greatest attractions is, in fact, the odd way in which the many-gabled front has borne the weight of years and warped and twisted its timbers.

BOAT RACE RESULT: A DEAD HEAT!

The Sports-mike moves back to record—

The thirty-fourth Varsity Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge which is being rowed on the Thames to-day over the customary course between Putney and Mortlake. It is March 24, 1877.

John Nelson, our sports recorder will follow the race in the tug "Cleopatra" to give you an eye-witness description. Over, then, to John Nelson in "Cleopatra."

GOOD morning, everyone. The thirty-fourth in the series of Boat Races between Oxford and Cambridge is timed to start at 8.27 a.m., rather more than an hour before high water, and here we are in the tug "Cleopatra," waiting just above Putney Bridge for the race to begin.

In spite of the hour—this is one of the earliest starts on record—quite a fair crowd are already beginning to gather. These Boat Races seem to grow in popularity every year.

Quite a few cabs are drawn up on the embankment, obviously intended for use as grandstands. One or two private carriages are there also, for I can clearly see their liveried coachmen. Obviously, too, the race is growing in interest for the general public, for the embankment is already thick with people. And there are more steamers than ever carrying parties.

It is a brisk, cold morning, and a sharp west-north-west wind is blowing, making a heavy chop on the water. It's just about the worst possible wind we could have on this course to-day.

Oxford Win Toss

Oxford have won the toss for choice of station and have taken the Middlesex side. Most Presidents, on winning the toss, choose the Surrey station, but Oxford are obviously hoping to make early headway under the lee of the Fulham embankment.

Oxford, with an average of 12st. 3lbs. a man, are the heavier crew, Cambridge averaging just under the 12 stone. Both crews are, of course, using the sliding seats which have proved so successful since their introduction four years ago.

Cambridge have adapted themselves the more readily to the new technique, but now Oxford, too, we are told, are beginning to make much more use of the increased leg drive which these slides enable one to obtain.

Of the 33 races so far, Oxford have won 17 to the 16 of Cambridge. But as Cambridge, in their present crew, have six men and the cox of their winning eight of last year, they may be able to level the scores to-day. Oxford have four of last year's crew again in their boat.

Queen's Counsel Umpire

The umpire to-day is that eminent Queen's Counsel, Mr. J. W. Chitty, and the well-known Thames waterman, John Phelps, is acting as judge. Honest John, as everyone on the riverside calls him, is, as usual, judging from a small boat anchored on the Middlesex side of the river at the finishing line.

Here come the crews now—Oxford, as challengers, are coming out first, carrying their boat. Now come Cambridge.

I will just give you the names of the crews. Cambridge: B. G. Hoskyns, T. W. Lewis, J. C. Fenn, W. B. Close, L. G. Pike, C. Gordon, T. E. Hockin, C. D. Shafto (stroke), and G. L. Davis (cox).

Oxford: D. J. Cowles, J. M. Boustead, H. Pelham, W. H. Grenfell, H. J. Stayner, A. J. Mulholland, T. C. Edwards-Moss, H. P. Marriott (stroke), and F. M. Beaumont (cox).

They're drawing up for the start now—and they're off.

Oxford are away with a slight lead. They're well together, and are making every use of the advantage of that Middlesex bank. There's still a nasty chop on the water. Cambridge are pulling up now. Shafto is setting a lively pace. Here's the rate of stroking:

Oxford: In, Out, In, Out, In, Out.

Cambridge: In, Out, In, Out, In, Out.

They're coming up now to Craven Point, and there's hardly anything between the boats. Marriott is calling for a little extra from his crew, but Cambridge are rowing well within themselves. Oxford are keeping just ahead.

At the Mile Post

They're passing the Mile Post with Oxford still barely leading, but now Cambridge are spurring. Shafto has stepped up his rate and his crew are responding grandly. They're catching up. They're level. They're ahead—and that Surrey station is in their favour now.

Hammersmith Bridge is just ahead. Cambridge are past it, rowing strongly. Oxford, on the outside berth, are at a big disadvantage round this steep bend, from Harrod's almost as far as Chiswick Steps.

Cambridge are leading by half a length as they pass the Doves and come into Chiswick Reach. The wind is now head-on, and Oxford are putting in a great effort to shorten the distance.

Oxford Pull Up

Yes, they're pulling up. They're still closer. Chiswick Steps just ahead. Oxford are level. There's nothing between them now—and the station is in Oxford's favour. Every bit of shelter is valuable in a wind like this.

Along by Duke's Meadows—another big crowd gathered here, I can see—and Oxford are rowing strongly. They're drawing away, slowly, with Cambridge fighting every yard, but Oxford are undoubtedly gaining. The Dark Blues are clearly in front now. A quarter of a length. Half a length.

We're passing Barnes now, Oxford a clear length in front, and, with the station to their advantage, they seem to hold a winning lead.

Round the bend. Oxford half a length in front. Shafto is calling for everything Cambridge have got in a supreme effort and the Light Blues are pulling up slightly. But Oxford look to be in a winning position.

They're coming into a patch of rough water again, and the wash from that tug isn't making the going any easier. Half a mile to go; the Dark Blues well ahead.

A Cracked Oar

Oh, bad luck! Oxford are in trouble. Cowles, the Oxford bow, has cracked his oar. He's swinging still with the rest of the crew, but he's drawing no water, and Cambridge are beginning to pull up.

Oxford are continuing gamely, but Cambridge are spurring again. They're gaining with every stroke. Only half a length away now. . . . and we're coming up to the finish.

Oxford are still just in front, but Cambridge are coming on strongly. They're practically

level now. . . . only a few yards to go. Oxford are pulling grandly. But Cambridge are sticking to it. Yes, they're bowing to bow. . . . and they're finishing almost together.

Perhaps Cambridge were just a little in front, but there could not have been much in it. Both crews are pretty nearly rowed out. There's great excitement among the onlookers.

Just a minute and I'll give you the result.

Oh, I'm sorry, but the umpire has not yet given his decision, and as our time is up I must return you now to the Studio.

Postscript

Although the race was rowed in the morning, it was several hours later before anyone knew the result.

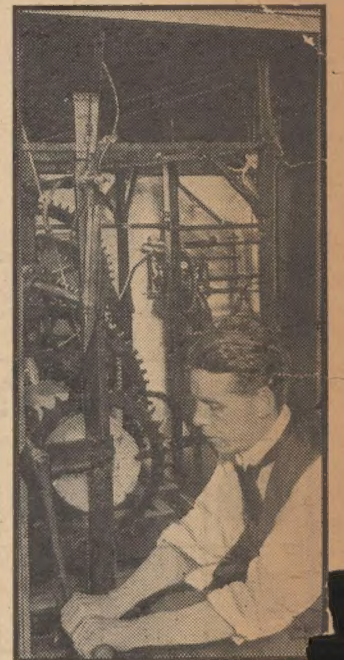
Honest John Phelps, moored as he was on the Middlesex side of the river, was not in the best position to adjudicate on such a close finish. Not until well on in the afternoon did he give the umpire his verdict.

That verdict was "Dead heat." And so the only dead heat in the series of races, numbering now more than a hundred, was entered upon the records—in spite of the fact that most of those present thought Cambridge had won.

As a result of that close finish, posts were fixed on either side of the river to mark a definite line, and, in the words of a contemporary writer, it was decided to appoint "a more responsible person to act as judge for future races."

From that day on, an old Blue has been designated to the position.

One other point of interest. W. H. Grenfell, No. 4 in the Oxford boat, is still one of the greatest sportsmen. He is with us to-day as Lord Desborough, guardian of all rowing men and "Father" of the Thames.



PICTURE QUIZ

What is this man doing? Running a secret printing plant? Starting up a machine? Working in a laundry? See back page after you've made a guess.

Periscope Page

GIVE IT A NAME

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



How to Write a Song

By HUGH CHARLES

(Composer of "There'll Always be an England," etc.)

To-day we are analysing why some songs are more popular than others. We take it for granted that we are catering for the British public. We in this country prefer our sentiment in a simple form, while our brothers and sisters across the herring pond are inclined more toward sophistication. Shall we, therefore, quote some of the most popular songs of recent years.

The first is one whose popularity swept both the American continent and Britain—"WHITE CHRISTMAS." This had everything to make it a hit. The tune was both simple and melodic, the title meant as much as any two words in the English language. Its construction was easy to follow, with a lyric which appealed to every age, every class, and most tastes. It had no bearing on the war, but it was easily the most outstanding sentimental song of the last few years.

In sharp contrast we have "THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND," which has topicality combined with sentiment. The phrase was given careful thought, and the melody and lyric built round the love of an Englishman for his country, and expressed in easy, flowing phrases. Although this number had no direct bearing on the war, it has been accepted as one that was created through psychological war conditions.

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN" expressed sentiment and hope for the future in its simplest and most appealing form.

Two other songs have achieved equal popularity, and both deal with the same theme of hopefulness—"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" and "WHEN THEY SOUND THE LAST ALL CLEAR." On the opposite side of the picture we have the novelty-comedy song. Two instances are "THE LAMBETH WALK" and "RUN RABBIT RUN." The first was a novelty, pure and simple, novel to a degree that the idea had never been tackled before in this way, and dealt with by an expert hand. The other had a good basic tune and a lyric that could be twisted or parodied without detracting from its novelty.

From all these examples you will see that the simple song, with everyday expressions, is the most likely to appeal to the public.

The reaction, therefore, began. Discouragement at first took possession of all minds, and opened a breach for incredulity. A new sentiment was experienced on board, composed of three-tenths of shame and seven-tenths of rage.

This useless search could be no further prolonged. The *Abraham Lincoln* had nothing to reproach herself with, having done all she

Continued on page 3.

FOLLOW THE BRAINS TRUST

With HOWARD THOMAS

"I've heard several times that if we dream we are falling from a height, and that if we should reach the bottom, we would die. Is this true? And does anyone know? Also, is it true that dreams only last three minutes?"

Here are some of the B.B.C. answers:-

C. E. M. Joad: "About the first part of the question. I don't think anybody knows, because, quite clearly, if they did die when they reached the bottom they couldn't tell you."

Julian S. Huxley: "But they could tell you the opposite, though."

Kingsley Martin: "I believe there are clear cases of people who have dreamed that they have reached the bottom."

C. E. M. Joad: "Yes, but the point is, if you do die when you reach the bottom, there is no means of reporting it. And if you don't die when you reach the bottom, then, of course, you can report it when you wake up."

Julian S. Huxley: "Except

that you would think there would be a great many people found dead in their sleep otherwise."

C. E. M. Joad: "Quite a lot of people are found dead in their sleep, and it may be because they have had that dream. The other part of the question is: 'Is it true that dreams only last three minutes?' There has been a lot of experimental work done on that, with particular reference to the feeling people have in dreams, that long periods of time, six months or a year, have elapsed in a very rambling dream. Then it is found that from the time when they began to dream that dream to the time when they woke up is only, in fact, one or

two seconds. For instance, you can make the experiment of flashing a light in a person's face. They then have a long, rambling dream connected with the light, which appears to go on for, say, six months. But from the time when the light was flashed on to the moment when they wake up is only a second."

Julian S. Huxley: "The main point is, that there may be no exact correlation, but there is no conclusive evidence that dreams ever take longer, and a good deal that they may take a fantastically shorter time."

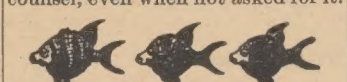
Well, what does your Brains Trust think?

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

THREE seconds before the arrival of J. B. Hobson's letter I had no more idea of pursuing the unicorn than of attempting the North-West Passage. Three seconds after having read the secretary's letter I had made up my mind that riding the world of this monster was my veritable vocation and the single aim of my life.

"Conseil!" I called in an impatient tone.

Conseil was my servant, a faithful fellow who accompanied me in all my journeys, a brave Dutchman I had great confidence in; he was phlegmatic by nature, showing little astonishment at the varied surprises of life, very skilful with his hands, apt at any service, and, in spite of his name, never giving any counsel, even when not asked for it.



He was a specialist, well up in the classification of Natural History, but his science stopped there. As far as practice was concerned, I do not think he could have distinguished a cachalot from a whale. And yet what a brave fellow he was!

"Did monsieur call me?" said he on entering.

"Yes, my boy. Get yourself and me ready to start in two hours. Pack up all my travelling utensils, as many coats, shirts and socks as you can get in. Make haste!"

"And monsieur's collections?" asked Conseil calmly.

"They will stay at the hotel."

"And the live babiroussa of monsieur's?"

"They will feed it during our absence. Besides, I will give orders to have our menagerie forwarded to France."

"We are not going back to Paris, then?" asked Conseil.

"Yes—certainly we are," answered I, "but by making a curve. We are going in the *Abraham Lincoln*."

"As it may suit monsieur."

"You know about the monster, Conseil—the famous narwhal. We are going to rid the seas of it. The author of the 'Great Submarine Grounds' cannot do otherwise than embark with Commander Farragut. A glorious mission, but dangerous too. We don't know where we are going to. But we will go, whether or no, We have a captain who will keep his eyes open."

"As monsieur does I will do," answered Conseil.

"But think, for I will hide nothing from you. It is one of those voyages from which people do not always come back."

"As monsieur pleases."

A quarter of an hour afterwards our trunks were ready, and in a few

minutes we arrived at the quay opposite which the *Abraham Lincoln* was pouring forth clouds of black smoke from her two funnels.

She was a frigate of great speed, furnished with overheating apparatus that allowed the tension of the steam to reach seven atmospheres.

Adapted from the famous novel by JULES VERNE

Under that pressure the *Abraham Lincoln* reached an average speed of eighteen miles and three-tenths an hour good speed, but not enough to wrestle with the gigantic cetacean.

Captain Farragut was a good seaman, worthy of the frigate he was commanding. No doubt arose in his mind on the question of the cetacean, and he did not allow the existence of the animal to be disputed on board. Either Captain Farragut would kill the narwhal or the narwhal would kill Captain Farragut—there was no middle course.

As to the crew, all they wanted was to harpoon it, haul it on board, and cut it up. Captain Farragut had offered a reward of 2,000 dollars to the first man who should signal the animal. We had every known engine, from the hand harpoon to the barbed arrow of the blunderbuss and the explosive bullets of the deck-gun. On the fore-castle lay a perfect breech-loader very thick at the breech and narrow in the bore, which could throw with ease a conical projectile, weighing nine pounds, to a mean distance of ten miles. Thus the

Seated on the poop, Ned Land and I were talking on all sorts of subjects, looking at that mysterious sea whose greatest depths have remained till now inaccessible to the eye of man.

"Well, Ned," I said to him, "are you not yet convinced of the existence of the cetacean we are pursuing? Have you any particular reasons for being so incredulous?"

"Perhaps I have, M. Aronnax."

"Yet you, Ned, are a whaler by profession. You are familiar with the great marine mammalia, and your imagination ought easily to accept the hypothesis of enormous cetaceans."

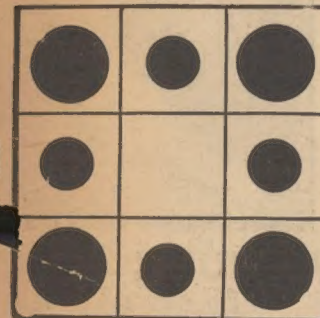
Bigwolf & Sticklebaker have fashed Jane to the Railway lines—with strips of her own clothes!



QUIZ for today

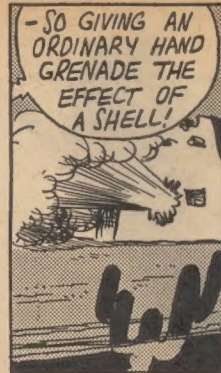
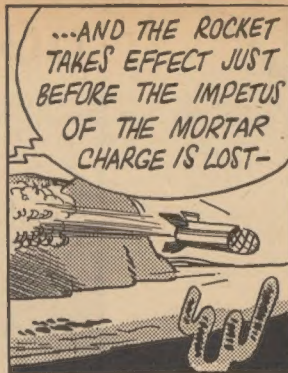
- How many bones are there in the human skeleton?
- What actual words are represented by the initials E. S. D.?
- Was Hotchkiss (inventor of the Hotchkiss gun)—
English?
French?
American?
- How many times does a normal man breathe in a minute?
- Was Jeremiah Horrocks (1619-41)—
a Weaver?
a Writer and Philosopher?
an Astrologer?
- Is a Microtome—
an instrument of hearing?
a small book?
a cutting device?
- Is a Mimeograph—
a portrait?
a duplicator?
a calculating machine?
- Is a Milkwort—
an insect?
a flower?
a by-product?
- Was Millais—
a politician?
an actor?
a painter?
- How many inches would ten pennies measure, placed end-to-end in a straight line?
- How many times in an hour does all the blood in the body pass through the heart?

Can you do this one?



Re-arrange these pennies and halfpennies so that they add up to threepence reading vertically, horizontally or diagonally. Answer to-morrow.

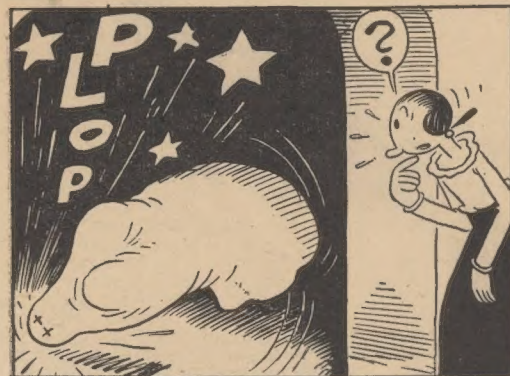
Beelzebub Jones



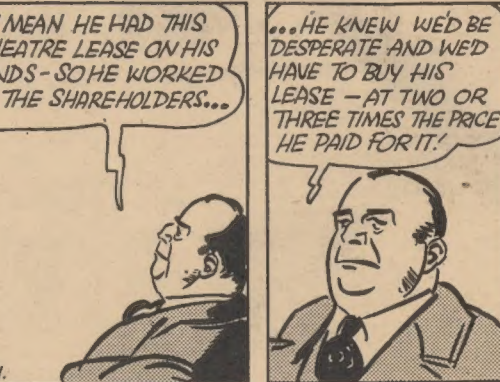
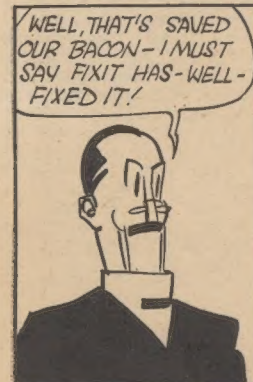
Belinda



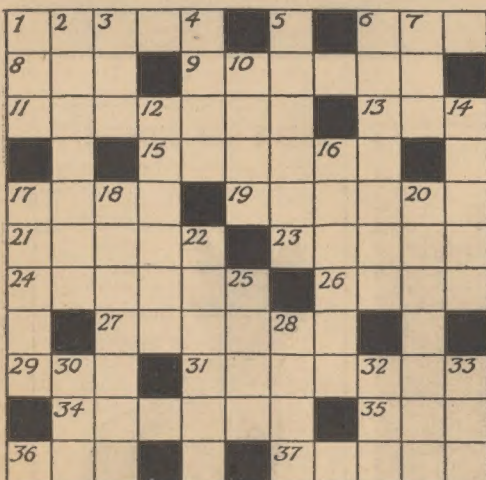
Popeye



Ruggles



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- (1) Awkward people.
(6) Promise.
(8) Tree.
(9) Business man.
(11) First explorer.
(13) Colour.
(15) Musical shows.
(17) Gibe.
(19) Laugh to scorn.
(21) Positive pole.
(23) Game fish.
(24) Domains.
(26) Purpose.
(27) Excludes.
(29) Cutting tool.
(31) Left out.
(34) Fell back.
(35) Court.
(36) One-horse vehicle.
(37) Glowed.

Solution to yesterday's problem.

CHIVE ROMPS
LODE BEMOAN
ALERT DINGO
SLAG CUTTER
POLEMIC H T
W DOVER C
O V MEDICAL
CHALET PAVE
COLIN APRON
UPSETS LORD
REEDS PELTS

- CLUES DOWN.—(1) Blank; (2) Stupid; (3) Which person; (4) Walk; (5) Attie; (6) Translation; (7) Mineral; (10) Musical pipe; (12) Head; (14) Eats special food; (16) Stop; (17) Dresses; (18) Centre of street; (20) Resentment; (22) Carve in relief; (25) Identical; (28) Disencumbers; (30) Completely; (32) Number; (33) Female rabbit.

Nemo of the Nautilus—Continued from page 2.

could to succeed. No crew of the American Navy had ever shown more patience or zeal; its want of success could not be imputed to it. There was nothing left to do but to return.

A representation was made to the commander. The sailors did not hide their dissatisfaction, and the service suffered from it. I do not mean that there was revolt on board, but after a reasonable period of obstinacy the commander, Farragut, like Columbus before him, asked for three days' patience.

The next day, the 5th of November, was the last of the delay. The frigate was then in 31° 15' N. latitude and 136° 42' E. longitude. Japan lay less than 200 miles to seaward. Eight bells had just struck as I was leaning over the starboard side. Conseil, standing near me, was looking straight in front of him. The crew, perched in the ratlines, were keeping a sharp look-out in the approaching darkness. Officers with their night-glasses swept the horizon.

"Well, Conseil," said I, "this is your last chance of pocketing 2,000 dollars."

"Will monsieur allow me to tell him that I never counted upon the

reward, and if the Union had promised a hundred thousand dollars it would never be any the poorer."

"You are right, Conseil. It has been a stupid affair, after all. We have lost time and patience, and might just as well have been in France six months ago."

"Certainly," said Conseil tranquilly. "I think they will laugh at monsieur. And I must say—"

Conseil did not finish his compliment. In the midst of general silence Ned Land's voice was heard calling out—

"Look out there! The thing we are looking for on our weather beam!"

Continued to-morrow.

ANSWER TO QUIZ No. 2

1. Jeanne de Casalis.
2. Richard Golden.
3. Cavan O'Connor.
4. Tommy Handley and Ronald Frankau.
5. Vernon Watson.
6. Jack Watson.
7. Malcolm McEachern.
8. Arthur Clifford.
9. Leslie Hutchinson.
10. Jack Train.
11. Dennis Arundell.
12. Robb Wilton.

1620

and all that!

(Continued)

Yesterday we described how the American Submarine "Turtle" committed the first warlike act by an attempt to blow up the British warship "Eagle." Our artist shows a reconstruction of the scene below, when the "Turtle" tried to fix an explosive charge to the underside of our vessel. The interchange of compliments between the rival commanders is interesting.

Of course, things couldn't go on like that. A warship was bound to get hurt one day if these under-sea snoopers kept at it. Sure enough, during the American Civil War, the warship "Housatonic," blockading Charleston, took a kiss from a spar-torpedo fitted over the bow of a submarine.

Had we been alive in those days, we would have imagined that it would be a silly thing to have your torpedo "fitted" to your submarine—even as a sort of you-go-first super-structure. And we would have been right—but you can't prove anything until you try it out—and these boys were just bent on practical research. They tried it out.

The "Housatonic" went down—but some enthusiastic second officer in the tube must have been trying to get a picture for the Press through an open hatch—because history says that the attacking vessel was swamped through a hatch when the charge exploded, and sank with her victim.

The next historian who had a date with a submarine was in 1888—he tells us of a 30-ton displacement job by a Frenchman named Gymote. She was driven by screw-propulsion, the power unit being an electric motor supplied with current from secondary cells.

Apart from putting those oarsmen back in the bread-line—we think he was getting somewhere. Eighteen eighty-eight was a vintage year—for the U.S. Navy Department ordered submarine designs, and selected a type by John Holland. This was called the "Plunger"—and it plunged into oblivion. John was not satisfied with it under construction, scrapped the design, and handed back the money advanced by the U.S. Government (less income tax paid, we hope). He started again, and perhaps it was a good idea—because the "Plunger" was to have been steam-driven on the surface, and electrically driven when submerged!

(Note from our small son: "Where would the smoke go to, Daddy, at ten fathoms?")

Anyway, Stoker-Electrician never became a badge in the U.S. Submarine Service in 1888.

Something important had happened before that, however. In 1890 the ancestor of der unterseebooten first reared its ugly head out of a placid and beautiful sea. Germany produced two 200-ton submarines of the Nordenfiet type—but it was not until 1900—history says—that the German Navy took the submarine seriously. Pity they couldn't keep on seeing the funny side of it all.

In 1892 Italy produced the 25-ton Pullino, and in 1895 the 95-ton Delfino.

We understand they are both now in for refit—but as we have just sent our Italian Naval Correspondent his month's expenses, we do not expect to get confirmation until he sobers up—twenty-eight days from now.



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



WHAT GOES ON DOWN THERE ?



Maybe they're devout Easterners saying "Good Morning," maybe, actually, they're almost head-over-heel eel admirers risking their necks to spot the wriggling shapes in this old well.

Above : "Danseuse classique" ... quite, quite ... but with a pitcher like that, we fancy any baseball team could make the grade for the National Series.

Below : Still "Danseuse classique. Who said it was an 'ill-wind' ?"

This England



Thank goodness there still are old mills by the stream where grist is taken to the grind as it was 500 years ago. Withycombe Brook has splashed its way past Marpool Mill, come rain, come sun for half-a-century propelling the wheel with never-failing consistency. A monument of serenity in these hurried days of so-called progress.



Front page man was winding this ancient clock at Rye, Sussex. He is probably looking out to see if his winding energies have produced the desired result.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Looks O.K. from periscope depth."